

A N
ELEGIACK
E. S S A Y,

Humbly Offered to the

Pious Memory

O F

The Late Reverend and Learned

Mr. *MATTHEW MEAD*,

Minister of the GOSPEL at Stepney:

Who departed this Life *Octob. 16. 1699.*

By *M. B. Philo-Musus.*
m. Browne

Dignum Laude Virum, Musa vetat Mori. Horat.

Prov. X. 7. The Memory of the Just is Blessed.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *John Marshall*, and Sold by him at the Bible
in *Grace-Church-Street.* 1699.

*Where you may be supplied with Mr. Mead's and Dr. Owen's Effigies,
as also most of their Works: with most sorts of Books to Learn
Short Hand.*

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The gift of
Ernest Blaney Dane

Pious Memory

OF

The Late Reverend and Learned

MR. MATTHEW MEAD,

Minister of the GOSPEL at Sipsby:

Who departed this life Oct. 16. 1893.

By M. B. Philo-Musae.

Printed for the Author, by J. W. Moore, at the Bible
Press, No. 7, The Alley of the Jew & Bible.

L O N D O N.

Printed for John Gorton, and sold by him at the Bible
Press, in Queen's Street, 1893.
It may be purchased of Mr. Mead's and Dr. O'Connell's
in the City of London: and may be sent to the
Bible Press, No. 7, The Alley of the Jew & Bible.

To the Church of CHRIST Meeting at Stepney,
over whom the late Reverend Mr. MATTHEW
MEAD, was Pastor, Christian Salutations.

Honoured and Beloved

TO whom more Aptly can I
address my self, than You;
since that which affords the
Subject Matter of the ensuing Essay
was once your Esteem and Delight;
the very mention of whose Name, (in
the Hearts of all truly Gracious) at
once commands both Love and Re-
verence. Therefore not to revive the
thoughts of your Loss, and with it
renew your grief, in the Death of
that late Eminent Star of Virtue,
Mr. Matthew Mead, is this Poem
to your view and Patronage; but to
Testifie the unworthy Author's Ve-
neration to the Ashes of so Great
and Good a Man. The Theme in-
deed deserves a far better, and more
skilful Hand, for I may justly com-
plain with the Poet,

My Oaten Reed no Lofty Notes can Raise,
And Lofty Notes alone can reach his Praise;
Yet tho' I'm short in Pow'r, accept my Will;
And let my Love atone my want of Skill.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

I could indeed have wish'd that some more Inspired Pen had Sung his Obsequies; but waiting long, and finding none enter the Lists in so Eminent an Emergency, I have adventured forth: For why should *Worthy Mead* steal silently to his Grave? Tho' my Notions may be high, yet the Work must needs be rough and unpolished, since performed by so mean a Hand; and especially considering the mournful Occasion; for is it possible that Tears should distil in Exact Numbers? But I shall not apologize any further; or to insinuate my self into any of your Favour, or good Opinion, either of my self or Performances, (as too many do) expose any of your Names, or your Virtues; the latter of which is, (and I pray God it may be more) conspicuous to all that are so Happy as to be acquainted with you. If this Adventure of mine meets with your Candid Acceptance, and Favourable Construction, it will compensate my Pains, and animate me to be,

For ever Yours, in Ours:

M. BROWNE.

A N
ELEGIACK
ESSAY,

Humbly offered to the

Pious Memory

Of the Late Reverend and Learned

Mr. MATTHEW MEAD,

Minister of the GOSPEL at *Stepney*.

B Right Sol retiring to the Western Deep,
Dull Night's Approach confirm'd a solid Sleep;
And the *Chill Horrors* of the Gloomy Night,

VVhose pow'rful Shades had chas'd the *cheering* Light;

VVith *Sable Atoms* fill'd the low'ring Air,

Invading all our *dusky Hemisphere*,

VVhilst deepest Silence weary Eyes did close,

Tempting frail Mortals to a soft Repose;

All things lay in a perfect *Lethargy*,
 Thick Darkneſs had o'erſpread the Azure Sky;
 All did enjoy a Peace, but my poor *Mind*,
 O'ercharg'd with Grief, no Reſt or Peace could find:
 Such weights of *VVoe* my *thinking Soul* oppreſs,
 That tore my Soul, and griev'd my tender Breſt;
 All wrapp'd in *Melancholy Thought* I lay,
VViſh'd 'twould be ever dark, or ſoon be day;
 Means I eſſay'd to eaſe me of my Grief,
 But all in vain, I ſtill found no Relief,
 'Til kinder *Tears* at laſt my Silence broke,
 And Rouz'd my *Muſe*, which to this Purpoſe ſpoke.
MEAD's gone from *Earth*, -- (Owretched Man) -- 'tis ſo;
 He's gone where (ſoon or late) we all muſt go;
 Gone ever, whom we ever ſhall deplore,
 For ever gone, whom we did all adore,
MEAD, deareſt *MEAD*, alas! is now no more.

Long

Mr. MATTHEW MEAD.

Long since I heard the *News*, yet scarce wou'd give
It *Credence*, but believ'd great *MEAD* did live,
And until *now* cou'd not consent to grieve.
But t'other Day walking a *silent Grove*,
I found a sweet *Recess*, a dark *Alcove*,
Seem'd made by Nature, fit to Contemplate
The Turns and *Destinies* of * *Rigid Fate* : * *Divine Providence*.
VWhere on my Hand, my Head supinely laid,
Methought I heard a *Mourful Accent* spread,
Which *Eccho-like* in *murm'ring Whispers* said;
Drop, drop a *Tear*, for *MEAD*, Great *MEAD* is Dead;
Worth is withdrawn, and *Piety's* remov'd,
For *MEAD* is gone, so much *Rever'd* and *Lov'd*.
Amaz'd I stood, yet heard a *Voice* reply
His *Fame's* *Immortal*, and shall never dye,
But like his *Soul*, live to *Eternity*.
Then dry thy *Tears*, and his *Just Praise* pursue,
So Great a *Preacher*, *Worthy Patriot* too.

My Love to thee I never can declare:

And

And now assist me, O thou Heavenly Muse!
 Whose bright Ideas nobler Minds Transfuse;
 With Sacred Raptures help me for to tell
 His Life and Death, whose Name's a Miracle.
 Thou touch'dst the Princely Prophet's mournful Lyre;
 When he bewail'd lov'd Jonathan's Expire;
 May such sweet Raptures my chill Breast Inspire,
 And may I feel the like Poetic Fire;
 That I in softest Numbers may relate
 Our Loss; our Jonathan's too early Fate,
 Who liv'd the Glory of our Israel,
 'Til as a Victim unto Death he fell.

O thou my Father! I'm distress'd for thee,
 For very pleasant wert thou unto me:
 Belov'd in Life, desired too at Death,
 Which unto me prov'd sad expiring Breath:
 And as to Souls thou greatest Love didst bear,
 My Love to thee I never can declare:

Mr. MATTHEW MEAD.

This aggravates my Grief, to think that I
Shall here no more enjoy thy Company:
‘ No more shall I behold that *Cheerful Face*,
Nor view again that *Majesty and Grace*:
‘ No more the *Charming Prophet’s Voice* attend,
‘ And *Prayers to Heav’n* no more together send:
‘ No more shall he *sad Hearts* with Joy inspire,
‘ Nor kindle *Frozen Souls* with *Heav’nly Fire*:
‘ No more shall he with *Pious Zeal* possess,
Conduct the *Saints* to *Everlasting Rest*;
No more pronounce the *Bless’d and Awful Word*,
‘ Nor brandish up aloft the *Flaming Sword*,
‘ *The Sword of God*. Nor tell the Joys above,
Nor chant those Wonders of that *World of Love*:
‘ No more shall others Sorrows break his Rest,
‘ No more shall help the *Injur’d and Opprest*;
No more shall we in *Ordinances* walk,
‘ No more of *high Caelestial Wonders* talk,
No, no he’s gone from us, *Heav’n* caught him hence,
His Soul being fully ripe for *Recompence*:

Yet Characters of Worthies (like the Sun)
 Reflect a Lustre, tho' themselves are gone;
 And do *Immortal Names* to them create,
 For us to Honour, and to Imitate;
 From whose blest'd Dust arise those Rich Perfumes,
 That *Rival*, and *Excel Arabian Gums*.
 Thus *MEAD*, Great *MEAD*, that *Holy Reverend Bard*,
 Has left a *Glorious Name*: Speak else, who heard
 Our Great *Apollo* to the Willing crowd,
 The Wonders of *Free-Grace* proclaim aloud:
 How *Holy* and *Sublime* his *Eloquence*,
 When he those *Sacred Pandects* did dispence!
 Methinks I see him still, those *Smiles*, that *Grace*,
 That always sat so *Regent* in his Face:
 That *winning*, *taking Mean*, which oft did dart
Light, *Life* and *Bliss*, into the *Hearer's Heart*;
 And Wonders of *Stupendious Grace* and *Love*,
 As if some *Charming Angel* from above
 Had touch'd his *Tongue* with *Coals of Sacred Fire*,
 Or as descended from *Æth'rial Quire*:

How

Mr. MATTHEW MEAD.

How Souls have melted! whilst he did proclaim
The matchless Wonders of Jehovah's Name;
And whilst with Charmer's Voice he did dispence
The Sacred Drops of Heav'nly Eloquence,
He fed the Soul, whilst others please the Mind,
And scarce has left an equal Bard behind.
The Masculine and Nervous Strain, from whence
Sprang such bright Oracles of greatest Sense,
Those Flights of Wit refin'd, from Folly free,
No fancy-pleasing-Arts were found in thee!
So Grave, yet Pleasant, was thy Copious Style,
As sweetly did thy Hearer's Hours beguile!
So Great the Sence, and so Divinely sung,
That all attended to thy Charming Tongue,
As if *Suadela's* Graces on it hung.

So Seven Nations *Homer's* Birth contend;

Such Force his Eloquence, is Great his End.

Thus *Passions* strives in every Pious Breast
Which shall Bewail him most, and Love him best!

Crowds call him **FATHER**, and in Raptures tell
 How by his *Born* they willing Victims fell,
 And *born* (thro' Grace) he sav'd their Souls from Hell;
 And every Gracious Soul doth Emulate
 Who shall most Love, who best shall Imitate:
 O **BUKEN**! thou may'st boast, since from thee came
 A Prophet thus enroll'd by lasting Fame;
 Since from thy Soil such Goodness did Descend,
 Such Worth, such Grace, by better Powers design'd,
 To Rival all the rest of Humane Kind,
 Such Worth ne'er Poet sung, or Scribe e'er penn'd.
 His Harvest has been large, his Season long,
 And long he charm'd us with his Heav'nly Song:
 Began in Youth, and carry'd on by Grace
 Thro' Manhood, till old Age succeeds the Place:
 Grace planted in his Soul hath sweetly throve,
 Being daily water'd by the Spirit of Love,
 'Till now made perfect with just Men above;
 And overthrown that damn'd old Proverb; He
 That's a young Saint may an old Devil be.

No, Grace will Triumph over Sin and Hell,
 For *all's laid up in Christ*, it there doth dwell;
 And from this Head of Influence is given
 Life, Love, and Grace on Earth, and Joy in Heav'n:
 If Christ can fail, then may we go astray,
 But while Christ stands we CANNOT fall away:
 But if we slip, (as we too often find)
 Eternal Arms still stays us up behind;
 And the Eternal Covenant secures
 The Souls of the *Elect* while Time endures:
 And when they've run their Race, doth *safely Land*
 Their longing Souls upon their *wish'd-for Strand*;
 Where bath'd in Bliss, eternally they sing
 To Christ their Head, their Prophet, Priest and King.
 Thus MEAD, dear MEAD, (*the Mention of whose Name*
Creates within my Heart a Sacred Flame)
 Arriv'd at Glory; thro' this Living Way
 Ent'red the Holiest, where Eternal Day

With Love and Praise his Ravish'd Soul imploy,
 Nor shall Sin, Death, or Sorrow, more annoy,
 Or fix a Period to Eternal Joy.
 Faith's turn'd to Vision, Hope Fruition tastes,
 And Pray'r is turn'd to Praise that always lasts;
 Love's now Refin'd, Unmix'd, from Sexes free,
 And knows no Object but th' ETERNAL THREE:
 O bless'd Estate of Souls! What's Heav'n above?
 Nothing but the EPITOME OF LOVE:
 He had these Blessed Mansions in his View,
 His Faith was constant, firm, final, and true.
 This made Him long, till welcome Death should send
 His longing Soul to her beloved Friend:
 So born'd his Soul, as blessed Jacob did,
 Or his dear Lord, when on the Cross he bled,
 And gently sigh'd, saying, Dear Jesus come,
 So goes from hence to His Eternal Home:
 It pass'd the shades of Death, and made its Way
 Into the Mansions of Eternal Day:

Mr. MATTHEW MEAD.

Saluted as she pass'd by blessed Throngs
Of Seraphims with their Cælestial Songs ;
Who clapp'd their Wings, and welcom'd him aloud
Into th' Ætherial Courts, the Sacred Crowd,
For ever to Contemplate his God.

An Acrostick Epitaph.

Mow'd down by God's most strict Command here lies
A Fragrant Flow'r, who fell Death's Sacrifice.
The other Day in beautiful Order stood
This Flow'r ; for Scent and Shew exceeding good,
High in its Stature, Excellent in Form,
Enrich'd with Sweet's, God's Garden did adorn,
Was by the Crowd ador'd as Rising Morn.
Mow'd now, the Jewel's gone, here only lies
Entomb'd the Cabinet, which shall arise,
And Clad with Light the Jewel shall incase,
Dwell both in endless Blifs, and see God Face to Face.

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